#### THE

# LADIES'

## MONTHLY MUSEUM.

NOVEMBER, 1816.

### LADY MORGAN.

I will sometimes occur in the progress of our Biographical Sketches, that we have to record high rank without respect to mental acquirements, and sometimes, vice versa, the most eminent abilities without regard to any rank at all. But in the subject of our present memoir, rank, obtainde by merit, and superior talents, are (as a rara avis) happily united.

Lady Morgan, who, rather under her maiden name of Miss Owenson, has been many years known to the literary world, as a fertile and successful novelist, is the daughter of Mr. Owenson, of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and the wife of Sir Thomas Morgan, Knt.

Lady Morgan, in her progress from infancy, was always remarkable for a strong understanding, and quickness of ideas, so very far beyond her rising years, that such inherent talents naturally excited more than usual parental attention; and every means were, in consequence, adopted to cultivate and rear to perfection such a promising genius by a liberal education. The anticipations of her friends soon became gratified in the extreme; for Miss Owenson,

at a very early age, as also of the present century, introduced herself a candidate for literary fame, by the publication of, we believe, her first work, entitled, "St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond." This novel was flatteringly received; and she afterwards published, under her maiden name, "The Novice of St. Dominick," 4 vols. 12mo. 1805. "The Wild Irish Girl," 3 vols. 12mo. 1806. "The Lay of an Irish Harp, or Metrical Fragments," 8vo. 1807. And "Patriotic Sketches of Ireland," 2vols. 12mo. 1807. The whole of which are generally read, and many so much approved, as to have passed through several editions.

The industry, so evident in the quick production (as the dates testify) of these works of such an extent, does not appear to have been in the least abated since her alliance with Sir Thomas Morgan; for, under her matrimonial name, she has ushered into the world "The Missionary," an Indian Tale, 3 vols. 12mo. 1811; and "O'Donnel," a National Tale, 3 vols. 12mo. 1814.

In this last work, the fair writer professes to have, for the first time, made "the flat reality of life" the subject of her pen; accordingly she has attempted to delineate persons of fashion, and poor Irishmen. Among the former we find rather too much sameness of language, and too great an intermixture of French phrases; but the spirit of the women of the ton and the sleepy indifference of modish fine gentlemen, are well depicted. The speeches of Mc Rory, though too long, are often humorous: and, in general, Lady Morgan has succeeded in her patriotic attempt to exhibit her countrymen in a favourable light, and has skilfully entered the lists with Miss Edgeworth, in the delineation of Irish characters and manners.

O'Donnel, however, though meant to be grand, is lowered by childish vanity, when he adorns himself in his hut with the order of Maria Theresa, and the cross of St. Louis; and by the credulity and irritability which expose him to mortification, whenever he is not shielded by the Duchess of Belmonte's common sense and presence of mind. The heroine also, is not more natural than Miss Owenson's "Glorvina;" and she is far from being equally attractive, since she displays, even in the most tender scenes, a pert flippancy which seems to be incompatible with feeling.

In volume 2, p. 228, O'Donnel errs in ascribing to the Egyptians, the motto—

### " I am that I am,"

This was the name by which the Lord announced himself to Moses, (see *Exod. c. 3. v.* 14.) and the appellation which most resembles it, among those that have been given to "the goddess with a thousand names," was probably that which was inscribed on the pavement of Minerva's Temple at Sais—

"I am whatsoever was, is, and shall be, and no mortal, as yet, hath drawn off the veil."

A. P.

### EDMUND MALONE, Esq.

When Mr. Malone, the celebrated annotator on Shake-speare, visited Stratford in 1793, he caused the Monumental Bust of the immortal bard to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint; and thus at once, it was observed, destroyed its original character, and greatly injured the expression of the face. Mr. Wheler, in his interesting Topographical Vade Mecum, relating to Stratford upon Avon, has given publicity to the following stanzas, which were written in the Album, at Stratford Church, by one of the visitors to Shakespeare's tomb, on the above occasion.

#### STANZAS.

"Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curses on Malone;
Whose meddling zeal his barb'rous taste displays,
And daubs his tomb-stone, as he marr'd his plays."

THE

## NARRATION OF AGLAUS,

THE ARCADIAN.

(Continued from page 193.)

Towards the end of summer, business called me to Temese; and Calysphire requested to accompany me on this voyage. I took her, although reluctantly, for I knew that the unfortunate town of Temese had been a long time afflicted with a most sad and strange calamity. named Lybas, escaped from the army of Ulysses, having been thrown upon this coast, insulted a young female of the town, and was put to death by the Temesians. The town was then afflicted with so many troubles, that the inhabitants intended to abandon it, when the oracle ordered them to appease the manes of Lybas, by raising a temple to him, and every year sacrificing the handsomest female in the town. They obeyed; and all their afflictions ceased; but the horrible annual sacrifice was so deplorable an evil, that this town must ever be regarded as the most unfortunate in the universe. Beauty, one of the most precious gifts of nature, was, in this sad place, but a just subject of terror and affright; and the mothers, far from being proud of the beauty of their daughters, only saw their charms unfolded with dismay. Several Temesians, and some strangers, had endeavoured, but in vain, to snatch from their fate these nnocent victims of so barbarous 'a vengeance; but then the spectre of Lybas, armed with the formidable scythe of death, and issuing from the abysses of the sea, had always immolated at once both the victim that they wished to carry away from him, and her generous defenders\*. These examples, spreading a general consternation, had extinguished

<sup>·</sup> See the word Lybas in the Mythological Dictionary.

every generous sentiment in favour of the victims, and had concentrated the feeling of pity in the heart.

Knowing that this frightful sacrifice was made at the latter end of Autumn, and not wishing to be in Temese at this afflicting time, I took every necessary precaution to ensure my departure for this town before the fatal epoch; but fortune ordered it otherwise.

Divers accidents so retarded our voyage, that we arrived at the precise moment in which they were preparing to make the sacrifice. It was evening; the night was calm and gloomy; a black veil, extended over the heavens, gave only a glimpse of the obscure and bloody disk of the moon. sad and profound silence reigned in the town; every house was shut; not a single light was seen to shine!-Seized with terror, we sorrowfully followed our guides. clasped my arm, saying-Oh heaven! if this should be the moment in which they are immolating the victim! I answered not; I knew not; but at this instant, turning to the right, we entered a long street, at the end of which, upon a steep rock, on the sea-shore, was the temple of the mischievous and sanguinary genius, in which they were going to sacrifice the victim. The most mournful spectacle struck We saw a numerous body of men clothed in long mourning coats, holding lighted torches, escorting a bed, or litter, covered with black crape, under which was laid the unfortunate being devoted to death. Six men were carrying this litter: distracted at the sight, I darted into the midst of them, crying out—Stop! stop! I will raise up the spectre, and fight him: remain in this place; surround this litter; if I am subdued, the victim is in your hands; you will give her up. At these words Calysphire, who had overtaken me, uttered a woeful shriek, which shocked me. In vain then hast thou saved me! thou abandonest me!-No. no, replied I; this sword, stained with the blood of the monsters of the forest, shall be rendered illustrious by a more noble exploit. The protection of the gods, and the wishes of Calysphire ensure me victory!-O! generous stranger! said then a sweet and feeble voice, which appeared to issue

from the depth of the tomb, may God, who inspires thee. fight, and conquer by thy side!-Unfortunate! said Calysphire, gently lifting the black veil which covered the victim, since Aglaus will expose his life for thy deliverance, I will share thy fate; if he is vanguished, I will die with thee. Saying these words, she laid down upon the litter, enveloping herself in the funeral veil.—O Calysphire, cried I, fear nothing; thou wilt render me invincible!-Thus saying, I rushed forward; and called aloud for the genius of Lybas, and stopped upon the sea-shore. The waves were agitated; and I soon saw rise near me, from the bosom of the waters, the dreadful scythe, which announced the apparition of the spectre who carried it; the sparkling and bent sword, of prodigious size, spread so strong a light, that the shore was illuminated: it was placed upon a handle of enormous size, of black and shining wood; it appeared like the brilliant crescent of Phoebus, fallen from the heavens, and inversed upon the club of Hercules!—The gigantic spectre at length appeared; and in an instant was upon the shore!—I invoked Apollo and Minerva, and doubtless the goddess covered me with her powerful ægis; for, at my approach, the frightened spectre drew back: I followed him; and holding my sharp sword with both hands, I struck his two slender and hideous legs with such supernatural force, that they were broken into a thousand splinters. The spectre fell upon the sand, rolled into the sea, and disappeared in the waves\*; the earth trembled, the rock cleaved, the temple fell, and was swallowed up in the waves; the heavens cleared up, and, immediately returning, I ran, full of joy, towards the litter. At the moment I approached it, an eagle, who was hovering over my head, descended majestically upon the litter, raised in his claws the funeral veil, and discovered the two young beauties closely united in the arms of each other. Who can paint their transport, or my rapture and happiness!-The mournful company made the air resound with the cries of

<sup>\*</sup> See the articles Lybas and Euthime in the Mythological Dictionary.

victory! At these sounds, a thousand times repeated,-The Spectre is subdued, his Temple is destroyed by the Gods, the Sacrifice is abolished,-all the doors and windows were opened again; the town was instantly illuminated; and the inhabitants left their houses in crowds: they wept, embraced each other, surrounded me, and carried me in triumph to the parents of the victim, with Calysphire, and the young female whose liberator I had been. There I gave life to an afflicted father, and to an expiring and despairing mother: the father was the richest citizen in the town; he took his daughter by the hand, and, presenting her to me, said-Stranger, like the immortals, if you are not one of the gods of Olympus, descended upon earth to save us, behold her whose beauty caused her to be led to death! she will be doubly happy, from owing her life to you, if this beauty, which was so fatal to her, can touch your heart. Speak: if you are not engaged, if you are free, she is your's, with all our wealth. While he was speaking, I looked at Calvsphire, and saw a deadly paleness spread over her countenance. Thus has sometimes been seen upon the top of the high Menalis, in the tempestuous days of Spring, the snow suddenly falling to freeze, and cover a rose scarcely opening. I immediately replied-The torch of Hymen has not yet been lighted for me; but I have disposed of my heart; my choice is made; and this happy day, which has given me the certainty of being loved, has for ever fixed my destiny. In making this answer, I fixed my eyes upon Calysphire; her cheeks recovered their lively carnation, and she thanked me by the most affectionate look. All eyes were turned towards her; she was so handsome, that my love excited no surprise; and every one applauded my choice.

We were obliged to sojourn at Temese several days. Our hosts even wished to detain us a much longer time. The Temesians determined that a statue should be raised to me near the shore on which I had subdued the spectre; the gratitude of the inhabitants decreed me an infinite number of other honours, which affected me so much the more as Calysphire witnessed them. We had the satisfaction, before

our departure, to promote the union of the young female I had saved with a Temesian whom she loved. After the celebration of this marriage, we departed, loaded with rich presents, and the blessings of our hosts and all the inhabitants, who escorted us in pomp to the limits of their territory.

With what joy I returned to Arcadia! I was there to receive the hand of Calysphire! In truth, the day after our arrival we went to the temple, and a sacred bond, filling up the measure of all our wishes, united us for ever. Calysphire raised three altars round the stone near which her parents had abandoned her; one altar to hospitable Jupiter, and two others to Love\* and to the Grace who presides over gratitude; and every spring we went to carry offerings to them. Since this fortunate epoch, our lives have slid away voluptuously in the bosom of the purest happiness. Nevertheless, as time advanced, I was secretly afflicted at the disproportion of our ages; Calysphire had only lost the lustre and freshness of youth: she had doubtless no longer that charming and perfect appearance which, in her prime, had effaced all others; but she was still handsome; and I was entering into my seventy-fifth year.' Oppressed with age, I then repented not having followed my first project of confining my affections for Calysphire to that of a protector and a father; and of not having given her a husband of an age suited to her own. Her attachment had seduced me; but I should have reflected that her love might cool long before mine; and that afterwards, for a still longer period, her friendship would hardly compensate the loss! I remarked that Calysphire, was not only distressed at my age, but perceived and was concerned at the fading of her charms; not that her pure and innocent soul was capable of experiencing a guilty desire to please; but she had so often seen me proud of her beauty, that the idea of being

<sup>\*</sup> An ancient altar was found, bearing this inscription; besides, it is known that the ancients believed that one of the Graces presided over gratitude and another over love.

in my eyes no longer the most beautiful woman in Greece was painful to her. This grief was all that remained of the love she had for me; yet, although she was susceptible of a lively and ardent affection, she was unable to reason and think in a close and connected manner; her troubles did not make a deep impression; and it was always easy to divert her from them.

Calysphire's attachment to me had changed its character, but had never been manifested in so affecting a manner; she lavished on me all the tender attentions of the most filial piety; we were as happy as the idea of a near separation, which my advanced age often put us in mind of, would permit us to be. Nevertheless, penetrated with gratitude to the gods, remembering the happiness that I had enjoyed on earth, I every day returned them thanks. Alas! I knew not that I was soon to commence a new career, nor that the goodness of the gods would work an extraordinary miracle in my behalf, nor that their favours would even become a source of the most severe sorrow.

One night, whilst I was in a deep sleep, Apollo appeared to me in a dream; and thus addressed me-" As soon as Aurora shall open the golden doors of the east, rise, depart with Calysphire, direct thy steps towards the confines of the country of Merope; there, in a place called Anoste, is a cavern, the dreadful aperture of which no mortal dares go beyond; thou wilt be able to go through it without obstruction: thou wilt there find a deep gulf, into which thou must throw thyself with thy companion: there thou wilt receive the recompence of thy piety towards the gods, and thy innocent life. I leave thee the golden reed that I formerly lent to Mercury, to invoke the shades, and to descend to hell\*. During thy journey, always carry it; it has still more power than the wonderful arrow that the Scythian Abaris received from me; and upon which he traversed the airt." At these words, the god disappeared;

Mythology says, that Mercury carried a golden reed when he descended to hell.

<sup>†</sup> Vide the Mythological Dictionary.

and I awoke. I really found upon my bed the golden reed. Full of surprise and emotion, I prostrated myself; and, as soon as I perceived the first rays of light, I related the whole to Calysphire, and we departed without delay.

We took the exact road prescribed by Apollo; and, after having traversed the country of Merope, we arrived at We questioned the inhabitants of the country about the cavern; and were answered, that we might see it, but it was impossible to enter it, on account of the suffocating exhalations that issued from it. This description frightened Calysphire; yet she did not hesitate to follow me. Informed of the road that led to it, we immediately went to the cavern. The entrance is excessively large; and black whirlwinds of thick smoke issue from it, the pestilential smell of which seems to spread destruction and death in the environs of this dreadful place. Only a light and burning sand, like ashes, was seen there, and dried leaves, carried by the winds; a double row of black basalte marble pyramids and obelisks, formed by nature, surrounded the cavern, which appeared to be dug out of the rock, and almost entirely calcinated by subterraneous fires. At this frightful sight, Calysphire, terrified, said to me in a feeble voice-Oh heaven! shall we dare to go into this dreadful cave ?- Drive away, said I, unworthy terrors! With the protection of the gods, what can we fear ?- At these words, increasing my pace, I hurried her along. The nearer we approached the cave, the exhalations became less suffocating, and the smoke less thick, and soon it appeared no more than a light and transparent vapour. Calysphire, a little recovered by this wonder, was more collected. We entered the cavern; but, after having advanced some steps, we were suddenly upon the steep shores of a deep abyss. Calysphire shuddered, and drew back. O Calysphire! cried I. wilt thou separate thy fate from mine by disobeying the immortal gods ?- For answer, she shut her eyes, and fainted away with her head upon my breast. I clasped her strongly in my arms, and with her threw myself into the gulf.

(To be continued.)

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## NARRATIVE, BY THE MONITRESS.

(Concluded from page 208.)

THAT every amiable feeling would be destroyed, if Eliza remained under the sole care of such a mother, Mr. Heartwell felt persuaded; in consequence of which, he informed Mrs. Conway it was his intention, after the Christmas vacation, to place his ward under the care of his sister; a lady who received twelve pupils only, on a plan the most respectable and liberal; yet, adding, that if Mrs. C. preferred any other seminary of equal respectability, and he approved the character and system of the governess, he should raise no objection; although he should feel greater satisfaction in placing Eliza under his sister's protection. With this well-judged plan, Mrs. Conway not only refused compliance, but declared her resolution of consulting some eminent counsellor, under the belief that her daughter would be permitted to chuse another guardian instead of the one nominated by her deceased father. This threat was not only held out, but, on the evening of the same day, put into execution; yet the high respectability of Mr. Heartwell's character was too universally known, for the weak pretences to be admitted, on which Mrs. Conway hoped to obtain another guardian; and she returned to her elegant abode vexed and dispirited, yet resolving to select another school.

As mere delicacy to the feelings of that weak and impetuous woman had induced Mr. Heartwell to give her a choice as to the place fixed upon, for her daughter's education, yet her subsequent behaviour had been too pointedly insulting, for him to pay her wishes the slightest attention; therefore he merely sent her a cool note, stating, that on the twenty-first of January, he should call for Eliza, for the purpose of placing her under the protection of his sister.

Finding opposition only tended to weaken her own authority, Mrs. Conway endeavoured to lessen her chagrin, by purchasing the most expensive apparel for the ill-fated Eliza; and deeply did she regret that the sable garb which decency rendered necessary, prevented the display of finery and profusion.

Though mildness, blended with decision, were the means Mrs. Heartwell adopted to insure the obedience of her pupils, yet, to the hitherto indulged Eliza, the conduct of this excellent woman appeared a cruel constraint upon her wishes; and with so bad a grace did she bear the slightest opposition, that she was universally disliked by every creature in the house. Though supplied with money to profuseness, yet every sixpence of it was expended upon self; and no mark of generosity or kindness did she ever display towards her young friends—Friends, did I say? Alas! the ill-fated Eliza was not destined to enjoy such an invaluable blessing; for, after four years' residence in Mrs. Heartwell's family, she quitted it without having excited affection in the bosom of an individual.

The passions of Eliza Conway might not inaptly be compared to an impetuous torrent, constrained for a certain time, by banks and mounds, but when once finding its level, rushes forward with additional force. Though the Scripture informs us that perfect love casteth out fear, yet the weak-minded Mrs. Conway actually reversed the order of nature so completely, as to fear her daughter; and her will, instead of her mother's, was considered as a law in the family. About six months after Eliza had left Mrs. Heartwell's, the neighbouring town was enlivened by a recruiting party; and as a red-coat was an attractive magnet in the eyes of this thoughtless young woman, the wearers of it were frequently invited to her parties. In vain did her worthy guardian point out the impropriety of this measure; -in vain did he assure Mrs. Conway he had taken the trouble of enquiring into the private characters of the young men, who were admitted upon a footing of familiarity into her family; or represent that her daughter's fortune,

not her person, was the magnet which induced one, in particular, to be a constant attendant upon Eliza.

"Forearmed, forewarned," says the proverb; but far different did it happen in the present case; for this weak, and, I might almost add, wicked mother, from mere opposition to the worthy Mr. Heartwell's wishes, actually promoted the young spendthrift's designs, by allowing him frequently to drive her daughter out in a low phaeton; and in one of these excursions they set off for Gretna Green. Near six hours elapsed before intelligence of this flight was imparted to Mr. Heartwell, who, conscious that in the most minute circumstance he had performed his duty, felt not only at peace with himself, but persuaded that all pursuit would be vain.

Delighted at having escaped from a charge so unsatisfactory (for Mr. Conway's will stated that Eliza's fortune was either to be paid upon marriage, or when she came of age), he prepared to deliver into the hands of her husband a fortune far beyond what that husband had expected to receive. To obtain a settlement upon head-strong Eliza he was resolved, if such a measure was possible, though he was aware the proposal must be different to what it would have been, had the marriage not taken place; but when it was mentioned, the incautious Eliza declared, that which was her's was her husband's, and he should not be restrained; that she had married him from the purest motives of affection; and if her father had been living, she would have acted just the same.

Thus was the pure sentiment of conjugal affection sacrificed upon the altar of pique; for though Eliza's vanity was flattered by the young cornet's attentions, had those attentions not been opposed by her guardian, she would never have become his wife. A marriage entered into from opposition, could scarcely be expected to turn out happily. Indeed, the disposition of neither party was of a nature to promise domestic joys; for Mr. Deacon, like the object he was united to, had, by his weak parents, been completely spoiled. Though intended for business, yet the symmetry

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of his form was so perfect, that he persuaded his father, if once set off by military attire, he could not fail to attract the attention of some lady of fortune; and in this single instance, doubtless, vanity proved an admirable counsellor. A cornetcy in the ---- regiment was accordingly purchased for the hopeful heir to a counter; and scarcely was he inaugurated into the society of gentlemen, when he received orders to recruit in a town contiguous to the mansion of Eliza's mother. The cornetcy was soon exchanged for a company; -- for what cannot money procure? that company, in its turn, received orders to proceed to that focus of fashion, Bath. The novelty of Eliza, united to her dashing appearance, imparted consequence to her husband, whose expensive mode of living gave a sanction to those airs and graces which he fancied necessary to support the character of a gentleman.

Every fashionable vice Captain Deacon entered into with avidity-but his favourite one was the gaming-table; and as concealment of his losses became impracticable, he put, what he termed it, a bold face upon the thing. Yet little was he aware of the face, or rather fury, he had to contend with-for scarcely had he commenced his preparatory hints, when his hitherto gentle wife poured upon him a torrent of abusive epithets. Though these were returned with tenfold interest, yet Deacon resolved not patiently to submit to degrading obligations; and, after inflaming his shallow brain by copious draughts of Burgundy, at a tavern. he determined to make one more desperate effort at the gaming-table! Desperate indeed it proved; for, after having lost every penny of his wife's fortune, he pledged her jewels, of which he had made himself master before he quitted the house; and having lost these, he played for his commission, when again he was pursued by the frowns of Fortune! then, darting out of the house in a phrenzy of passion, he flew, with the rapidity of a maniac, towards the Avon, and, plunging into its stream, buried his follies in its engulphing bosom!

Though he had been followed by a friend, though associate

in iniquity might have been a more proper term, yet too fleet was his motion for that associate to prevent the fatal action; and the same intelligence that informed Eliza she was a widow, acquainted her with the total loss of her fortune!

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To animadvert upon the opposite characters of Emma and Eliza, would be to offer an insult to the reader's understanding; yet, if they are parents, and happen to have a youthful offspring, I indulge the hope that the foregoing narrative may act as an awful warning, and be one means of pointing out the necessity of adopting a proper mode of education.

### A PICTURE OF THE DEVIL.

Spinello Aretino, an Italian painter, drew a representation of the devil so extremely hideous, that he could not obliterate the impression from his own mind. One night he dreamed that his infernal majesty appeared to him in his proper person, and threatened him with his vengeance for having exhibited so shocking a likeness. Spinello awoke in great agitation, and the dream had such an effect upon his spirits, that he became melancholy, and at last sunk into a complete state of insanity.

#### VOLTAIRE.

APPROACHING Voltaire's house at Ferney, on the left hand, is a neat chapel, built by him, with this inscription:

DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE. MDCCLXI.

When this building was constructed, M. de Voltaire gave a curious reason for placing upon it this inscription. He said, that it was high time to dedicate one church to God, after so many had been dedicated to saints!

## THE TOMB OF AMESTRIS; A PERSIAN TALE.

THE HISTORY OF ANEPHIS, SURNAMED THE HAPPY.

(Continued from page 202.)

"The monster was thrown into a deep sleep by the power of Rozelis; but the just anger of the Gods struck him with a thunderbolt; and have just formed Mount Etna, that eternal monument of an equitable vengeance. Rozelis will embellish this desolate isle, where her tenderness has saved what she loves! Not being able to share her throne with Anephis, she gives him her sceptre, in which resides the greatest part of her power! Dear Anephis, while you are faithful to me, this rose will preserve its freshness, and shall remain in your hands. Go, and follow the swan, who will guide you; you will traverse the valley of Demons, which shall henceforth be called the valley of Peace. When you are upon the sea-shore, throw your rose upon the waves, and you will be conducted wherever you wish. Adien! dear Anephis, remember that Rozelis exists only for you."

I had scarcely ended reading this affecting inscription, when the swan, placed upon the top of the column, let fall beside me the sceptre of the charming Rozelis. I seized it with delight. This celestial rose had no thorns, a fine and soft moss, of bright green, covered its cup; its perfume did not overpower, but it affected the senses, and conveyed calm to the soul, while refining it. I placed this charming rose next my heart, exclaiming—It shall never be taken away!—The swan took her flight; and I gazed on her till lost in the clouds. As I advanced, I saw the trees adorned, raised, and covered with leaves; spring itself, decked in all its freshness, suddenly displayed its riches, and seemed to

trace my rout; while carpets of verdure and flowers unrolled beneath my feet. With rapture I admired these happy prodigies, produced by power united to goodness, a divine union, which forms the essence of the gods, and which, upon earth, make kings resemble the immortals.

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Arrived at the sea-shore, I stopped; the swan ascended into the air; and I soon lost sight of her. I then recollected that I was to throw my rose into the sea: although I was certain of recovering it, since Rozelis had assured me so, I was concerned to do it; but, as soon as the rose had touched the water, I saw it make itself hollow, enlarge, lengthen, and suddenly take the dimensions and form of a small boat, preserving all its perfume, and double petals, which covered entirely the interior and edges of this odoriferous bark: this slight vessel, sustained by a gentle zephyr, approached the shore. I did not hesitate to confide myself to it; I embarked; and luxuriantly laid on leaves of roses, I commenced the most delightful voyage. The bark scarcely touched the water, and the waves were levelled before it. I had desired again to be in my own country; and, in a few hours, this wish was favourably heard. Arrived near the shore, my bark became a branch of roses, which never left me. was loved, and passionately in love for the first time: for two hours each day I was the happiest of men; but the rest of my life was only a painful expectation, or a wearisome vegetation. The remembrance of the happiness which I might have enjoyed caused me severe regret, of which time and all my reflexions do but augment the bitterness. Yet often, when I breathed the sweet perfume of my rose. this frightful trouble was dissipated. Rozelis was to me but a supernatural being, an object of the purest worship: with sentiments chaste and delicate as her love, and thoughts generous as her soul, I was then elevated above myself; but often also I relapsed into an unconquerable melancholy.

I determined, in order to divert my attention, to be initiated in the mysteries of Mithras. As the king and the illustrious Megabisis know these dreadful mysteries, I am permitted to speak of them here. I stood every test with

courage; and, at length, to endure the last, was sent into a desert, where I was to remain alone for sixty days\*. I was much more happy there than any recipiendiare had ever been The ingenious tenderness of Rozelis embellished this desert with the most pleasing enchantments; I was always surrounded with the rarest and most delicious fruits: every evening I saw a grove of flowers spring up, in which I passed the night; I fell asleep by the sound of cascades and spouting fountains of pure and limpid waters, and was awaked by the enchanting perfume of the gold and purple cloud. In this profound solitude, my life was no more than one long reverie, a dream of hopeless love, whose ardour, tempered by perfect pureness, left me only vague regrets and a pleasing melancholy in my soul." In one of the finest nights of a burning summer, not being able to sleep, I resolved to survey the desert. The priests of Mithras had charged me not to go beyond the circle that they had traced for me; but, lost and abstracted in my thoughts, I forgot this order; and passed, without perceiving it, the limits prescribed; and in two hours entered a vast forest, I walked another hour, and was suddenly stopped by a river, or rather a narrow, but rapid stream, which was running in the midst of the forest. I directed my steps towards a bridge, which appeared to me illuminated. When I came to the head of the bridge, I saw on the opposite side the most surprising spectacle-a terrible dragon, between two dwarfs, who held lighted flambeaus. Rash man! said one of the dwarfs, do not advance; we are the guardians of the beautiful Lazunie; and if thou darest to pass this bridge, thou wilt become the prey of the dragon who defends the passage of it. A long time accustomed to great adventures, these words did not intimidate me. I advanced sword in hand: the dragon, without quitting his place, raised himself upon his crocodile's tail, stretching out his long talons towards me, and opening his frightful mouth. I was not more than ten paces from him, when twelve petals of my rose

<sup>\*</sup> This was really practised in these initiations.

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were suddenly detached, and immediately formed three beautiful rose-coloured butterflies, who went and placed themselves upon the head and two paws of the dragon, who, at the same instant, became immoveable in this menacing attitude; he remained with his claws in the air, and month wide open, but absolutely petrified. I passed unmolested, and continued my walk. In a quarter of an hour, I saw a number of fires before me, which discovered a company of soldiers, who, when they perceived me, cried out-Let us seize the conqueror of the dragon, who wants to rescue the handsome Lazunic,—At this moment I thought myself lost; but the day was beginning to break; and I saw myself surrounded by the cloud of Rozelis, which concealed me from the sight and fury of the soldiers. I experienced a delightful sensation, on finding myself in this cloud of love, where the soul of Rozelis abided: it seemed, that she united herself entirely to me by the celestial and last favour of the purest spirits. Whilst I was surrounded with this divine yapour, my imagination was so elevated above human thoughts, that I have no longer even the faculty of retracing distinctly those moments passed in an eestacy so ravishing. In two hours, the cloud was lost in the air; and I remained a long time abstracted, reclined upon the turf; at last I rose, and saw before me a high barrier, formed by an open treillage, and easy to scale: an inscription, placed on the treillage, contained these words-He who shall be able to come here will have but one step to make to deliver the beautiful Lazunie. I thought that, since it was to do a good action, I ought not to hesitate; besides, I confess that a strong curiosity was intermixed with the impulse. I scaled the palisade, and descended into a labyrinth of cedars and plantains; I proceeded and entered into a kind of verdant hall, formed by trees in flower; but an object a thousand times more dangerous than all the dragons, and all the monsters of magic and of nature, fixed my looks upon her, and absorbed all my thoughts. In the midst of this hall, was raised a majestic and deep column, of rock crystal, of pro-

digious size, and in this column was seen a dazzling throne of diamonds and opals, upon which was seated a young female, sixteen years of age, whose beauty is beyond description. A diadem of turkois encircled her fine brown hair, a carbuncle formed the clasp of the girdle of her golden robe; but the lustre of her person effaced that of her vestments, throne, and crystal column. Surprise and admiration struck me for some moments; at last I drew near: my strong emotion did not allow me to question the beautiful Lazunie (for it was she herself); but she said, in a sweet and affecting voice-Stranger, will you deliver me !- Speak! cried I with transport, must this column be broken?-That would be impossible, replied Lazunie, it is harder and more solid than brass.-What must I do then?-Alas! you have only to love me, to tell me so, and promise fidelity! At these words, seeing no other object but Lazunie, losing every other remembrance, I promised all that was requiredthe column vanished, and the handsome Lazunie was free. In an instant, a useless remorse made me cast my eyes upon my rose, and I started at seeing it bedewed with tears. Immediately its leaves are entirely stript off, a slight wind rises, all its scattered leaves are reunited, and carried away by the zephyr. Immoveable and frozen, I look after them; they are removed, and I perceive at a distance, and for the last time, the gold and perple cloud. All the rose-leaves are lost in it, the cloud darkens, a black crape seems to veil its brilliant colours, and it disappears. I felt my soul snatched from me; with this cloud all the sweet illusions of my life were annihilated. I still held the stalk of the rose, but it withered, and was reduced to dust in my hand. Lazunie approaches; I stagger, and fall fainting at her feet.

Anephis had proceeded thus far in his narrative, when important dispatches were unexpectedly brought to the king. Anephis, relieved till next day, withdrew.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## DISTRAINING;

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### A TALE OF THE TIMES.

"Who could bear this, and live!—Oh! many a year All this is borne, and miseries more severe." CRABBE.

It was on a lovely evening, in the month of May, that Mr. Harley set out to take his accustomed evening ramble. He was the wealthy pastor of a populous village; the good things of the world had been showered abundantly upon him, but he was a stranger to the mean, and sometimes disgraceful, actions, by which riches are frequently obtained. His heart glowed with love towards men; the mildness of the vernal breeze, and the cheerful warblings of the feathered tribe, allured his mind to gentleness and peace. By accident he pursued a path which led to a neat cottage, half concealed by the surrounding sycamores, over which the smoke of the rustic chimney rose in fantastic evolutions. Mr. Harley had for some years noted the industry of the proprietor; he knew something of his early history; he had been unfortunate, but he hoped the cultivation of the little farm he rented of a neighbouring baronet, produced him not only the necessities, but also many of the comforts of life. Experiencing at this moment a sensation of thirst, from the extent of his walk, he determined to approach the cottage, and beg a draught of milk, flattering himself he should, at the same time, enjoy the contemplation of rural comfort and simplicity, free from the cares of wealth, or the distresses of poverty. He proceeded towards the cottage. A horse, grazing before the door, was saddled and bridled, as if lately deserted by its rider. Mr. Harley tapped gently at the door with his cane, but received no answer; he repeated the summons, and the cot-

tager, at length, opened to his pastor. He seemed disordered in his appearance; the traces of tears might be distinguished on his dusty face, and, in a half-broken voice, he invited Mr. Harley to enter, and partake of the simple beverage he desired. A scene of the most comfortless disorder now met the sight of the worthy guest; where he had expected to behold domestic peace, plenty, and cheerfulness. By the only table sat a stranger, who by his dress appeared to be a bailiff; paper and books, with every apparatus for writing, crowded it, and he seemed busily employed in taking an inventory of the effects of the poor peasant. By his side stood a corpulent figure, evidently a parish constable, puffed up with the importance of his office, and casting looks of the most ineffable contempt on the distressed family weeping around him. An infant was sleeping in its cradle, unconscious of the misery its mother endured, who sat by the poor remains of a fire, indulging an agony of grief. Two children, of a more advanced age, clung round her knees, the girl hiding her face in her mother's lap, the boy gazing on the strangers, who had thus distressed his parents, with looks of hatred, not unmixed with a considerable degree of terror. Despair itself was impressed on the features of the father of the family, and his hair, not yet deprived of its natural darkness by the touch of age, hung wildly and without order over his fore-Mr. Harley gazed in astonishment: the last time he visited this cottage all was contentment. The cottager, whose name was Roberts, beheld the emotion of his guest, and while his voice faltered, and the tear of memory glistened in his eye, exclaimed-" You don't find us so comfortable, Mr. Harley, as when you last called upon us: times go hardly with us now, thanks to our worthy landlord." "Is it then your landlord who has thus distressed your family, my honest friend?" enquired Mr. Harley. "Alas! sir," replied Roberts, "his riches, instead of affording him the means of benefiting his fellow-creatures, only serve to support his luxuries; and it is for the trifling sum of fortypounds, which I am at present unable to pay, that my fadis-

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mily is thus reduced from comfort to misery. A flush of shame for degraded humanity, mingled with anger, tinged the cheek of the compassionate clergyman. "Can it be possible," he ejaculated, "that a man of Sir Samuel's property should descend so low as to rob a family even of their bed for such a sum?" He paused momentarily; then, addressing the minion of the law, "Young man," said he, "leave this place at present, and tell your employer that I will be responsible for the discharge of the debt; at the same time giving him his name and address. The bailiff hesitated not to obey, and, followed by his assistant, retired from the cottage, bowing respectfully to the man over whom he had so lately triumphed, and most submissively to Mr. Harley. No sooner were the strangers departed, than the grateful farmer fell at the feet of his benefactor, overcome with sensations of thankfulness and admiration. agitated wife bore with less moderation this unexpected relief; by turns she wept and laughed, and, at last, by the side of her husband, embraced the feet of her benefactor. From this posture Mr. Harley immediately commanded them to rise, nor longer pay that homage to a fellow-creature which was due only to their Creator. "Remember, Roberts," said he, "I shall expect you to repay me this sum when you are able. I have a small farm which will shortly want a tenant, I know you are industrious, and, if you chuse, you shall rent it of me-nay! no thanks, or I must leave the cottage. But, while your wife procures me a bowl of milk, sit down, and inform me by what means you have been thus reduced to such distressed circumstances." Roberts immediately obeyed, and, in the plain narrative of uneducated simplicity, related the principal events of his life-

He was the second son of a respectable farmer; his father died suddenly, and he was thrown upon the generosity of his elder brother for his subsistence. Thus blasted in his early hopes, he had no comforter but the maid who possessed his heart. She forgot her own sorrows, and endeavoured to alleviate those of the unfortunate Roberts. For

six years he lived with his brother in the capacity of a servant; in the spring of the seventh, his brother was seized with a fever and died, leaving his whole property to the man who had so materially assisted the increasing of it. Roberts now commenced business with favourable prospects, He married the female who was most dear to him, and their union was blessed with happiness and a numerous progeny, Several years passed on successfully, and an old age, crowned with blessings, seemed to await him. He had a friend, the banker of the adjacent town, a man of credit and respectability, to whose care he, as well as many of his neighbours, entrusted all his hard-carned gains and savings. At a time when almost the whole of Roberts's little property was vested in his power, this friend became a bankrupt, and cut of at once all his future prospects. Innumerable distresses ensued, and unable to pay his rent, the unfeeling landlord was adding the last blow to his misfortunes, when the charitable Harley interposed to save him and his family from despair.

When Roberts had concluded, Harley took his leave; and desiring the cottager to call at the parsonage on the morrow, returned to the virtuous enjoyments of his own roof, satisfied with the approving whispers of a good conscience.

R. P—R.

### EPIGRAM.

Says a pin to a needle, You're blest with an eye, Chloe's charms to descry, And prest by her fingers you fly!

To the pin says the needle:
'Tis true that I'm blest with an eye,
Chloe's charms to descry,
And prest by her fingers I fly;
But happier you,
With a head on her bosom to lie!

HATT.

## WIFE AND NO WIFE;

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A ROMANCE.

(Continued from page 214.)

### CHAP. IV.

THE carriages were in waiting when the bridal party returned from church; and after taking a slight refreshment, they set off for ———, where Don Lopez had hired a house for the use of the new-married couple. Virginia had not troubled herself to make any enquiries respecting this mansion; she had heard Sebastian speak of it as beautifully situated, surrounded with romantic views, and furnished with some degree of elegance; this was sufficient for her, as it would contribute to her amusement to make what alterations she might deem necessary, and if she did not approve the situation, it would be easy to look out for a more agreeable residence. Virginia, therefore, pursued her journey in the best humour imaginable; and when they stopped on the road to dine, took an opportunity to draw Marian aside, and whisper in her ear expressions of satisfaction at the choice she had made. Whatever might be the private opinion of Miss Melcombe, this was not a time for her to insinuate any doubts of the affection or disinterestedness of Sebastian, she therefore contented herself with congratulating her friend on her prospects, acknowledging that she had a fair foundation for hope; and, assuring her, that her most heartfelt wishes were for her happiness. "I believe you," said Virginia, warmly pressing her hand: "and now that I am disposed of, I shall no longer be an obstacle to your's; nothing but the most silly infatuation could have induced Angerstein to bestow on me a preference which his judgement could not sanction, for I am sure he is not mercenary." "Is this modesty real or affected?" enquired Marian, smiling: "do you indeed take no account of VOL IV .- S. I.

the superiority of personal attraction?" "To be sure I do." returned Virginia; "and here I find the incomparable Angerstein as fallible as the rest. Ah! my dear Marian, your philosophic demure gentlemen are to be caught by a dazzling bait, as well as the veriest gudgeon among them!" While the friends were thus gaily chatting, they stood at a window just over the entrance, and Virginia had scarcely finished the last sentence ere a man on horseback rode up. at full speed, and enquired for Don Sebastian de Tornado. "I do not know the name," said the waiter, " but we have a party dining here, the gentlemen look like foreigners, perhaps it is one of them you want." "Yes, yes!" cried the man, "I must speak to him directly; -but be so good as to call him out as privately as you can, I do not wish the lady-his wife I mean-to know any thing about it." Virginia and Marian stared at each other with evident surprise and consternation. The waiter immediately returned into the house with the messenger, and Virginia, anxious to know the event, hastened to the room where she had left the gentlemen. Sebastian held a letter in his hand, which he appeared to be perusing with interest and uneasiness, while Don Lopez paced the room in deep thought. On the entrance of Virginia, Sebastian took her hand, and led her to her chair; then, throwing himself upon one beside her, he fixed his eyes earnestly on her face, while he said, hesitatingly-" I fear this day will not end so happily as I expected, Virginia: what will you think of me when I tell you, that circumstances of the most unlooked for, perplexing nature, oblige me to leave you within an hour!" "To leave me, Sebastian!" repeated Virginia, turning pale; "how am I to understand you?" "It is too true, my love, I must leave you to pursue your journey alone, while I return to town to settle an affair of the most important consequence to our future happiness." "And is this all the explanation I am to expect of such a strange and mysterious affair?" asked Virginia indignantly; "surely I am now entitled to your confidence?" Sebastian appeared too much agitated to answer her; he motioned to Don Lopez, who, taking

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the hint, entreated her not to urge a disclosure which could only tend to increase her uneasiness. "Sebastian is, you see, miserable at the thought of leaving you, my dear," said he; "and, you may be assured, nothing but the most imperious necessity could tear him from you in this abrupt manner—the cause he dares not reveal! Let me now, my dear madam, persuade you to act with your usual prudence on this trying occasion; you are so peculiarly situated at this juncture, that any extraordinary commotion must necessarily draw upon you the observation of curious and impertinent people; an affair of this kind, if made public, would give rise to many unpleasant animadversions; let us then keep it as secret as possible, and a short time will, I hope, clear up all this mystery to your satisfaction. I will escort you to your residence, where we will remain as private as possible till the return of Sebastian; under my protection, and enjoying the society of your amiable friend, you will, at least, be respectably situated, even should your husband's stay be protracted beyond the expected period." "But do you imagine I have no fears for his safety, sir?-Sebastian, you surely will not leave me in this state of torturing suspense! Is it a duel you are meditating?"—" Upon my honour, no!" replied Sebastian; "rest satisfied that I am in no personal danger."-" Good God!" exclaimed Virginia, "what then am I to conclude? It cannot, surely, be possible that you have basely taken advantage of my obvious preference to deceive and betray me! yet, what else can I suppose; it is, happily, not too late to save myself from a fate so horrible—I must and will return with you to town!"

Alarmed by the vehemence of her manner, and the wretchedness of her looks, Sebastian appeared almost incapable of consoling her, or exculpating himself. Marian vainly endeavoured to calm her unhappy friend; for, having formerly given free utterance to suspicion of an injurious nature, she now felt it impossible to interfere with advice, or any attempt at justification of one who, she still believed, was acting a deceptive part. Don Lopez, observing his son's

imploring looks, again addressed Virginia-" Your suspicions, madam, though injurious in the highest degree, I can pardon as the effusions of that lively regard which I am happy to see you bear towards my son; but, permit me to observe, that you are now called upon to prove that regard in a very different manner; deem me not too harsh, when I say, that it is now your duty to act in the manner most agreeable and advantageous to him whom you have made the master of your destiny. Circumstances, of a nature most extraordinary and distressing, render a temporary separation necessary: for you to return to town with him would be madness; it would occasion him much inconvenience, and would also be giving publicity to a transaction that requires the utmost privacy. A moment's reflection will, I am sure, convince you of the impropriety of such a measure. Sebastian has assured you that he is in no personal danger; he can also make the most solemn asseveration that there is no foundation for any jealous fears. if such you feel inclined to harbour. The business which claims his immediate attention is of a family nature—the secret is mine! and he is in duty bound not to reveal it without my permission!" we are found a first live and

"Well, sir," returned Virginia, "I will endeavour to believe what you have advanced, though, I own, I should have been better satisfied had Sebastian himself undertaken to remove my suspicions; it is possible that your advice may be judicious, yet I confess, I shall with reluctance submit to follow it, and I hope a speedy explanation on the part of him, to whom, as you observe, I now owe obedience, will remove my doubts, and reinstate him in my favourable opinion." While she spoke, the countenance of Sebastian was expressive of the most heartfelt anguish, though, at the same time, Marian could not help imagining that she read in the averted eye and changing complexion, the consciousness of duplicity.

"Forgive me, dearest Virginia," said he, taking her passive hand; "if I have offended by remaining silent on a subject which I knew I could not explain to your satis-

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faction; a very short time will clear all your doubts: let us then part friends, since part we must." This address, neither calculated to explain or justify, would have entirely failed to calm the perturbed spirits of Virginia, had it been delivered by any other person; but the softened tone, the tender pressure, the expressive glance, which Sebastian so well knew the power of, were not without effect. Virginia could no longer resent the fancied injury, or the real wrong, but, reclining on his shoulder, sighed out her forgiveness, and entreated his speedy return. Sebastian assured her his anxiety would exceed her's, promised to write as soon as he got to town; and a post-chaise being then ready; he hastily embraced his bride, and departed.

The travellers pursued their journey in a sort of gloomy seriousness, that made it seem as if they had quarrelled with each other; and so keenly did Virginia feel the mortification of appearing without her husband, that she insisted on the favours being taken from the hats of the postillions, and drew the blind up, on her own side, whenever she passed through a town or village. It was late in the evening when they arrived at their new residence; and Virginia was happy to find that only one old domestic was waiting to receive her. "This is your lady, Alice," said Don Lopez, as he handed Virginia into a spacious and well furnished apartment; "I hope you have every thing in comfortable order?" "In truth, I have done my best," replied Alice, "and I hope my lady will be satisfied with my endeavours; but I fear there will be many little conforts wanting which I have not been able to procure; for I am old, and not very active, and we are so far from any market." "Well, well, good woman," said Don Lopez, "we know all that; I dare say you have done as well as you could, and your assiduity shall not go unrewarded. The lady has brought her own attendants down with her, therefore you can return to your home. in one of the conveyances that brought the servants hither!" "Just as you please, sir," said Alice; "I have no desire to stay, though it is rather abrupt to be turned out so latein the evening." "By no means," said Virginia, "Don-

Lopez, you had no intention of sending the good woman away unless she wished it, I dare say?" "Excuse me, madam," replied Don Lopez, with much solemnity, "it was precisely my meaning that she should depart immediately-I have nothing to do with her wishes!" "Suppose I say it is mine, that she should stay?" rejoined Virginia, smiling. "Even in that case," said Don Lopez, "I must insist on her departure!" Virginia and Marian stared at each other, but spoke not. A light repast was soon spread, of which none but Don Lopez partook; the ladies, pleading fatigue, retired to their apartment, Virginia having requested her friend to sleep with her. They were no sooner alone, than Virginia gave free vent to the tears which pride had before prevented the indulgence of. "Do you not think I am strangely used, Marian?" she asked, in a voice almost inarticulate by emotion: "can you comprehend the meaning of all this?" "Indeed, I cannot," returned Marian; "I am half tempted to imagine you are in the power of some evil genius; indeed, you know, I never liked this Spaniard, and now I am absolutely in fear of him; nothing but my regard for you, Virginia, would keep me another hour under the same roof!" "Oh, for pity's sake, do not desert me now!" cried Virginia; "stay with me, I conjure you, till Sebastian arrives. It is evident the old woman was sent away that we might not ask her any questions; but tell me how I am to act: shall I take upon myself authority here, or leave Don Lopez to command as he thinks proper?" "In whatever concerns yourself, let him see that you will not give up your right of commanding here; but upon trivial occasions, I think it will be as well not to thwart him: I suspect he is both malicious and revengeful." "And do you think that Sebastian too is in awe of him?" "I do indeed! but his abrupt departure is a mystery I cannot pretend to unravel. However, we will look over the premises to-morrow, and see if we cannot find amusement till his return. If the old gentleman does not mean to make prisoners of us, I dare say we shall be able to pass a few days pleasantly enough, without this strange husband of

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ew of your's." "Ah, Marian!" said Virginia, with a languid smile, "you are assuming this gaiety to keep me in spirits; I am quite ashamed to be thus subdued by the anticipation of evil; but, really, the extraordinary occurrence of the day, and the solitariness of this rambling old mansion, make me almost superstitious—to-morrow, I hope, I shall be quite myself again." Don Lopez, who was to occupy an adjoining chamber, now entered his apartment; and the friends, not wishing him to overhear their conversation, composed themselves to sleep.

(To be continued.)

## THOMAS DAY, Esq.

THE late Thomas Day, Esq. author of the celebrated moral work of "Sandford and Merton," and other publications, lost his life by a fall from his horse, as he was riding from his house in Surrey, to his mother's at Bear Hill, in the parish of Wargrave, Berks. He was buried in the church of Wargrave, and on a handsome monument is inscribed the following epitaph:—

"In memory of Thomas Day, Esq. who died September 23d, 1789, aged 41 years, after having promoted, by the energy of his writings, and encouraged, by the uniformity of his example, the unremitted exercise of every public and private virtue.

"Beyond the reach of time or fortune's pow'r,
Remain, cold stone, remain, and mark the hour
When all the noblest gifts which heav'n e'er gave
Were centred in a dark untimely grave.
Oh! taught on reason's boldest wings to rise,
And catch each glimm'ring of the opening skies;
Oh! gentle bosom! oh! unsullied mind!
Oh! friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind!
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine."

The verses were written by himself on some other occasion, and placed here by his widow, who thought them peculiarly applicable to his character.

## THE GOSSIPER, No. XXI.

Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

Hon. Epis. 6, lib. 1.

MR. EDITOR,

Having accidently met with the last Number of your instructive and entertaining publication, "The Ladies' Monthly Museum," (with which I regret that I have been hitherto unacquainted) I find, under the title of "The Gossiper," a letter signed Peter Pedagogue, containing strictures on orthography and pronunciation, upon which I wish to offer a few remarks.

P. P. observes that we frequently hear of a wonderful fine horse, an amazing pretty girl, and that these epithets wonderful and amazing must be adverbs; now, with respect to the word wonderful, I agree with Mr. Pedagogue, that it must be an adverb, in the above sentences, and not an adjective; but I beg to differ from him respecting the word amazing; for I imagine that when we say an amazing pretty girl, we mean to predicate of a pretty girl that her beauty amazes, is amazing, or does amaze the beholder.

I am surprised that your friend Peter, while regretting the want of attention to grammar in general, and while he particularizes those important branches of it, orthography and pronunciation, is entirely silent about etymology, equally important, and equally neglected. It seems to be the general custom of governesses to teach their pupils to spell, not such words as are most useful, but most difficult. Thus we frequently meet with young ladies who can spell autitransubstantiationist, apophthegm, and the like, yet cannot give written directions to a servant for things in daily use: they will have kian for cayenne, ketchup for catsup;

plumb pie, pidgeons, broccolo, &c. They frequently write letters, superintended by the governess herself, to their dear mama; and though my acquaintance in the female world is not confined to the most illiterate, I assure you, sir, I never knew a lady, young or old, who could spell potato. These and many other words are overlooked, as being too simple, while the time of the pupil is occupied in committing to memory a number of difficult words which she probably never so much as hears of after she has left school, or her governess.

These remarks might be carried to some length, but I fear that I have already trespassed too long upon your more precious moments.

I have the honour to be, Mr. Editor,

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Your humble servant, and admirer,

make of adding benefit od year clause it . Philosophus.

## ON ROMEO COATES.

came boundary upon our passions, instead of scaling maler

those relativitures to which immen-nature, in its most pres-

A LADY observing the celebrated Mr. C. perform the character of Romeo, declared, she thought a female one best adapted to his powers, as he might then be called petty-Coates!

De excellent, we are inhaimed that " a sharrow does not

<sup>\*</sup> We really pity poor Philosophus; but, as the old adage says, "Birds of a feather flock together," we shrewdly suspect he is much on a level in his orthographical and grammatical attainments with his numerous acquaintance, who, he tell us, know not how to spell potato. Were we to mention the names of those females who have distinguished themselves in the annals of literature, or those who are now more than competent "to mend his cacophony," we should require a larger volume than Philosophus ever studied from. We recommend him to Flirtilla's seminary, and request he will, like that lady, pay the postage of his next favours.

## ON AN EXCESS OF SENSIBILITY.

succeintended by the coverness towers, to their since

"Nor peace, nor ease, that heart can know,
Which, like the needle, true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
And turning—trembles too!"

moves knew a lade, young or old, who could such notein

THOUGH sensibility may be said to constitute one of the characteristic ornaments of the female sex, yet I am sometimes grieved at beholding it carried to, what I consider, an injudicious length. In a world where we are exposed to such a variety of trials, and where our sensibility is perpetually exerted, it surely may be termed politic to place some boundary upon our passions, instead of sinking under those misfortunes to which human-nature, in its most prosperous state, is liable.

Amidst the various trials which, as dependant creatures, call forth a mixture of resignation and fortitude, is the loss of our nearest and dearest connexions; for in every other misfortune which may assail us, Hope, with her cheering aspect, enlivens the perspective; but the walls of that tomb which encloses the dear objects of our affection afford no sustaining prop on which her anchor can rest, but resembles that structure so allegorically described in Scripture, as having been erected on a bank of sand.

Though life and death equally depend upon the will of our Great Creator, yet in that sacred volume, from which we obtain a code of religious and moral duties, we are taught to believe that the Omnipotent never unnecessarily afflicts the beings, whom he created; "That he maketh poor, and maketh rich; that he woundeth and he healeth; and that by Him things reign, and princes decree justice!" and, to prove that his directing power extends throughout the creation, we are informed that "a sparrow does not

fall to the ground without His Omniscient Eye perceiving it!"

These, and ten thousand other sublime representations of the Deity, appear to have been written for the purpose of reconciling mankind to the decrees of Providence, and to teach them, that submission to the will of their Creator is one of religion's most imposing duties. The death of an affectionate husband, or the loss of those pledges of connubial affection which, in well-disposed minds, strengthen the bonds of marriage, are, it must be allowed, the severest trials to which suffering humanity can be exposed; and to mourn, for a due season, for such a calamity, is what may naturally be expected. But, as St. Paul observes, there is a time for all things; so there, doubtless, ought to be for the indulgence of sorrow; and whilst lamenting the dead, we should not be unmindful of those duties which the living have a right to claim from us.

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I have been led to make these observations from witnessing an excessive sorrow displayed by a youthful mother, whose extreme sensibility is even distressing to a common acquaintance, and whose kusband and friends entertain the most painful apprehensions from the habitual melancholy which preys upon her nervous system. Her fondness for children might almost be termed a passion; and from the period of her marriage her prayers were unceasingly offered to the Deity, that she might be blest with a daughter—the prayer was granted. But scarcely had she breathed forth expressions of delight and gratitude, ere the dear-bought treasure winged its flight to the mansions of eternal bliss! A boy, in a short time, made his appearance to fill up the vacuum in her wounded breast; seven others succeeded him, yet four only are now living. At length, her supplications for another girl were granted—health glowed in its veins and mantled upon its countenance; but though it had surmounted those diseases which excite maternal apprehension, its life was terminated by a six hours illness! The suddenness of the shock rendered it almost insupportable! it seemed to have paralysed all the unhappy mother's feelings! and appeared as if sorrow had converted her into a second Niobe, for she neither noticed husband, friends, or children!

Time, however, conquered this stupifying effect of sorrow, yet, though twelve months have elapsed, it has not
diminished the enervating power of it; every child she
beholds seems to agonize her feelings, and even the principles of piety afford no sustaining relief to her feelings.
By this undue indulgence of sorrow, her constitution is
hourly receiving an injury, from which, it is greatly to be
feared, it will never recover; and, though in the very prime
of existence, she may be termed dead to every earthly enjoyment that can be offered her!

This too-accurately-drawn portrait, is presented as a beacon to warn those who may be destined to suffer similar calamities, from the indulgence of a sorrow which incapacitates the mind from performing those duties imposed upon it by the very name of wife and mother! That sensibility which, under proper restraint, is so ornamental to human-nature, may not, in such a case, inaptly be termed its misfortune. How much, therefore, does it behove parents and instructors to arm the youthful mind with resignation and fortitude.

Had that extreme sensibility which, even during child-hood, marked the character of Maria, been repressed instead of being indulged, she might severely have felt the loss of her children, but she would have supported it with much greater fortitude and resignation. Those trials which were doubtless designated for some wise, though incomprehensible purpose, would have taught her that the Being who had recalled the spirits of her beloved children, could easily compensate for their loss, by bestowing upon her other objects to call forth the maternal affections; and that the offsprings of maturity would be no less dear to her, than those of a more early period.

wine it ! Sidersounder! Frankly it he count Joseph out to work

### LINES ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

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hat er, Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!"

SHAKESPEARE

THE following Stanzas are from the Morning Chronicle. They are written with great spirit; the satire is keen and just, the allusions strong and pointed, and the whole bears evidence to the composition of no vulgar hand.

Yes! grief will have way—but the fast falling tear Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career, And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close.

Whose vanity flew round him only when fed
By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Re-appears, like a vampire—to feed at his grave!

Oh it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow, And spirits so mean, in the great and high-born; To think what a long line of titles may follow The relics of him, who died—friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array
Of him whom they shun'd in his sickness and sorrow;
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

And thou too—whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd;
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast—
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"Was this then the fate"—future ages will say,
When some names shall live but in history's curse,
When truth will be heard, and these lords of a day
Be forgotton as fools, or remember'd as worse—

"Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall,
The orator—damatist—minstrel—who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all!

Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
From the finest and best of all other men's powers;
Who rul'd like a wizard the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its sho w'rs!

Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd;
Whose wit, in the combat as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;

Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave—
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave?"

Yes! such was the man—and so wretched his fate!

Thus sooner or later shall all have to grieve,

Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the great,

And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve!

In the woods of the north there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh;
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!

# CAMBODIAN HALL;

OR,

## LAW AND LICENTIOUSNESS.

In the centre of a market town, about fifty miles from the metropolis, stood the conspicuous mansion of the celebrated Mr. Jeremy Jackal; a man who though, in many instances displaying a striking resemblance to the animal termed the lion's provider, yet in a still greater number bearing affinity to the glutton. Though the justly admired Dr. Goldsmith declares man to be an animal, yet it certainly casts a kind of shade over his respectability when he happens to make his appearance on this theatre of action, under the inelegant name of Bear, or the deceptious one of Fox; and though few had the courage openly to animadvert upon that of Jackal, yet various were their secret gibes and jokes. Though the mother of the hero of my tale sagaciously determined to counteract, as far as possible, that appellation which a coincidence of circumstances had bestowed, yet his father (who was rather a dissolute character) swore, by his supremacy, that she should not make a prophet of his son; at length, however, they came to a sort of compromise; and Jeremy was substituted in the place of Jeremiah.

Mr. Jeremy Jackal's habitation, as I before observed, occupied a central position in the market town alluded to; an elevated flight of steps led to the seat of justice, whilst a lustrous brass plate announced the learned professor of the law. The profits arising from that profession had, within the last ten years, been greatly augmented from the purchase of extensive manorial property by an East Indian, whom I shall designate by the name of Arcot, who seemed desirous of buying up all the landed estates in that neighbourhood.

With the late possessor of the castle, as it had for ages been denominated, expired the title of one of the oldest baronets of England, whose family, through a succession of generations, had appeared to consider the humble inhabitants of the adjoining village as their children. As the last branch of this truly dignified inheritor of a title had, for a length of time, languished under the debilitating effect of age and indisposition, the noble mansion of his forefathers was permitted to become in, what Mr. Jackal thought proper to assert, a ruinous condition, or, in other words, the building certainly, for several years, had not undergone a thorough repair.

The grounds and gardens, however, might have not inaptly been termed Sir William's hobby horse, and these, consequently, were kept up with the most sedulous care; and a few hundred pounds laid out upon the mansion would have rendered it fit for the immediate reception of a peer.

Mr. Jeremy Jackal, however, who had judiciously contrived to introduce himself to the Eastern purchaser, must have entertained very opposite sentiments; for by his advice the noble Gothic structure was destined to give place to a modern building. Mere children, who had been taught to venerate the very walls of the castle, frequently amused themselves by singing a doleful ditty, composed by the parish-clerk of a neighbouring village, describing as how Jackals not only sucked the blood out of all innocent animals, but gormandized their rapacious appetites upon mortar and bricks.

Though ten years had elapsed since the rustic swain's poetic talents had called forth the admiration of the humble inhabitants of the village, which nearly adjoined the consequential lawyer's distinguished abode, yet the circumstance, and the song, still dwelt in the recollection of men, women, and children. The castle had been demolished, a modern mansion erected, the plan of which had originally been drawn by a celebrated architect from London, who had, in vain, endeavoured to persuade the purchaser that modern elegance could not vie with Gothic magnificence; and

that by new polishing the massive stones with which the building was constructed, it would have the appearance of a new erection. The opinion of this respectable man of integrity would, in all probability, have preserved the noble mansion, had not the designing Mr. Jeremy Jackal suggested the propriety of a nabob's displaying a taste of his own, and astonishing the world by a combination of Eastern pagodas with Grecian architecture.

In consequence of this suggestion, workmen of various descriptions were suddenly drawn together; the massive walls of the castle were levelled to the ground; and, in direct opposition to the chastened taste of the architect, a fantastical, though magnificent, structure arose.

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As a mine of wealth was in store to stimulate the efforts of industry, Cambodian\* Hall, as it was to be designated, sprang up like the celebrated phoenix of old; and with it arose, in wealth and importance, the complete Jack-in-office, Jeremy Jackal. Instead of an actual cottage, at the extremity of the town, in which his industrious parents had kept a little chandler's shop, he purchased the very house in which the late mayor had resided, and assumed all the consequence of an independent gentleman. That power which was invested in his hands by the wealthy Mr. Arcot, was inflicted with all the severity of an iron rod; the poorer tenants were dislodged from farms which had been occupied by their forefathers, and three or four converted into one. Though tyrannical and overbearing to those whom he considered beneath him, he was obsequiously cringing to the whole family of his patron; and upon the death of Mrs. Arcot, which happened about nine months before the commencement of this history, he contrived to render himself particularly useful.

That indolence which usually becomes habitual, both to the natives of Asiatic climes, and those who have been long residents, rendered Mr. Arcot totally averse to every species of exertion; and his lady not only superintended the do-

<sup>\*</sup> From the kingdom of Cambodia, not far from China.

mestic concerns of the family, but overlooked the accounts of the house steward.

Though with well-dissembled woe, depictured upon his pliant features, the artful Mr. Jackal deplored the event which had made his patron a widower, yet he internally rejoiced at the removal of a being who had, in many instances, proved a check upon his avaricious designs. That apathy of disposition, which marked the character of Mr. Arcot, prevented him from accurately feeling his loss; yet he soon was convinced it would be very injudicious to trust the management of his family to common servants. Though upon the sudden death of the lady president, the officious Jackal had volunteered his services to look over the steward's accounts, yet his sagacity soon taught him to perceive the steward felt extremely piqued at this unexpected interference; and as that gentleman had, unfortunately, come to the knowledge of some of Mr. Jeremy's mal-practices during the erection of Cambodian Hall, he was aware of the necessity of not doing any thing to forfeit his favour.

After several nights spent in cogitation, a lucky thought occurred, which was to introduce a Mrs. Wilkins into the family, with whom he had been intimately connected from the time he was a clerk. This female, who had enjoyed the advantage of an education far above her native sphere, had, by the aid of artifice and insinuating manners, induced an old lady, who had first put her to school, and then made her companion, to leave her a hundred a year; but, from an unbounded thirst for gaiety and dissipation, she had experienced all those various vicissitudes which unrestrained vice could produce. By introducing an agent of this description into the family of his patron, Jeremy felt persuaded he should find a steady coadjutor in all his interested views; and as the eldest daughter required instruction beyond what a domestic could bestow upon her, he resolved to propose that Mrs. Wilkins should undertake the office of governess, and act as mistress of the house.

(To be continued.)

# EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR OCTOBER, 1816.

THE distresses of the country, increased by the unfavourable state of the weather during the year, continue to engross the almost exclusive attention of the public. In many parts of the kingdom, the poor are driven to a state of desperation; and tumults, riots, and disaffection, are the consequence. In Nottingham, and the neighbourhood, outrages of the most daring kind are every day perpetrated with impunity; and, in addition to frame-breaking, the firing of pistols, or fusils, into the shops of tradesmen, at noon-day, is no unfrequent occurrence. Most alarming intelligence has also been received from Merthyr Tydoil, and the neighbouring places in Glamorganshire; where the colliers and miners, engaged in the iron-furnaces and coal-mines, having been reduced to one shilling per day, from the bad state of trade, took the resolution to stop the works. About 15,000 of them assembled, and proceeded to acts of violence, set the civil power at defiance, and the magistrates were under the necessity of writing to government to request the aid of a military force. We sincerely hope, that, instead of resorting to coercive measures, their employers will strive to subdue their feelings by acts of mildness and benevolence; and that something may be done to relieve their distress, and reconcile them to the hardship of their situation. In Norwich, in Norfolk, in the City of London, and various parts of the kingdom, meetings have been held to consider the best mode of relief, and petitions prepared for a Reformation in Parliament; while our senators, as if heedless of the state of the country, or as if conceiving themselves unable to afford any effectual relief, have again prorogued the meeting of Parliament till the 2d of January next.

Accounts have been received from Buenos Ayres to the 19th July, which state that an expedition had sailed from Rio Janeiro; and that emissaries from Brazil had laboured to make the inhabitants of the right bank of La Plata believe that it was to be entirely directed to the occupation of the left bank. The Congress at Tucuman were endeavouring to form a new constitution for the united provinces of La Plata; and it is asserted, that Great Britain will remain entirely neutral in the contest between the United Provinces and the Spaniards and Portuguese.

The patriots, under Bolivar, had landed, on the 6th July, at the port of Ocumore, seven leagues to the east of Puerto Cavello. On the 8th, Colonel Soublet occupied La Cabrera, with 700 men; Hernandez occupied Vittoria with 500 men, on the 9th, while Bolivar remained at Ocumore with 900 men, on the 10th. The army had increased, notwithstanding the various contradictory accounts of the agents of Ferdinand to the contrary, to 4,500 men.

The two daughters of the King of Portugal are to espouse their uncles, Ferdinand VII. and his brother; and the divorced Princess of Bavaria is about to proceed to Austria to confer upon the Austrian Emperor the happiness of having a third wife.

The Portuguese Princesses have arrived at the Palace of Aranjuez in Spain; and magnificent arrangements are preparing for their reception at Madrid, and the celebration of their auspicious nuptials with their two illustrious and royal uncles.

The American squadron which appeared before Naples has left that bay, and is arrived at Messina. The result of the negociation is unknown; some shipping of small account had been given up.

By the Paris papers, the returns to the new Chamber of Deputies, with the exception of those from Corsica and the Lower Alps, are nearly completed; many of the Ultra Royalists have been successful, but some of the most eminent of them have lost their elections.

The Princess of Wales has visited Rome, and presented the Pope with a statue of the arch-angel Michael, and paintings of the Vision of St. John, and of Daniel in the Lion's Den, collected in Palestine. The Pope has given her some female saints in return. We fear this will be deemed but an ill use of the pension of £30,000, paid to her by the people of this country, at a moment like the present. There would have been more charity, more piety, in sending the value of these paintings to relieve the distresses of the people from whom she receives this splendid income.

The last Paris papers are occupied with accounts of the religious ceremonies, and expiatory prayers, observed by appointment, in commemoration of the death of the late Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. The unostentatious sorrow of the Duchess of Angoulême is more calculated to touch all hearts than this public display of grief. For a memoir and portrait, finely engraved, of this interesting Princess, see our Number of this work for December, 1814.

A contest for the Chief Magistrate of the City of London to continue in his office a second year, has been carried on with great spirit; and the public opinion was, perhaps, scarcely ever so decidedly in favour of any one individual. The numbers, at the close of the poil, were—

For the Right Honou	rable	the	Lord	Mayor	-	-	2635
H. C. Combe, Esq.	-	-			-	-	2397
C. Smith, Esq	-	-	-	. •	-	-	1053
J. Atkins, Esq	-	-	-	47			10
S. Goodbehere, Esq.	-		-		-		5

A majority of 1582 votes in favour of the Mayor, who has thus received the testimonies of public approbation, for having been indefatigable in his office, and discovered and corrected many abuses; and who will be hereby enabled to effect the reform he has begun, and protect and restore the rights and privileges of his fellow-citizens.

### THE DRAMA.

### DRURY-LANE.

King Henry IV. Part I .- Mr. Stephen Kemble, whose protuberance precludes from sustaining any other character than Falstaff, has made his appearance in the inimitable knight; and if Mr. Kemble, from his size, imagines he can sustain no other character, we can assure him he cannot sustain this. He merely talked and walked through the part; forgetting what Dr. Johnson says of his being a "thief and glutton, a coward and a boaster." There was none of that merry vein of humour which, even in common reading, If Mr. Kemble's Falstaff has not fallen discovers itself. away in person, it certainly has in life. We hope he has bid a farewell to the London stage. Mr. Bengough was King Henry; his performance was respectable, but we have seen him to much more advantage. St. Franc, in the Point Honour, is his best character.

Beggars' Opera.—In the absence of Mrs. Dickons and Miss Nash, a first-rate singer was wanted to supply their place. A Miss Kepple has been very judiciously chosen for the station, who made her debut before a London audience in the fascinating character of Polly, and, we must say, with distinguished success. The airs were given with much taste and sweetness. Mr. Cooke, in Captain Macheath, sang well; and the Peachum and Lockit of Mr. Dowton and Mr. Munden can never be excelled.

Mr. Kean made his first appearance this season as Sir Giles Overreach, a performance which has fully proved our former opinion of its being, perhaps, the best character in which he ever could appear. This has been proved both before and behind the curtain; the performers having, last season, presented Mr. Kean with a suberb cup and cover, as a mark of the idea they entertained of his delineation of Sir Giles. Among other characters, he has appeared

in Bertram with, if possible, increased effect. We think Miss Somerville has improved since we last saw her. We certainly think most favourably of her; but it is impossible to form any just estimate of an actor by a single character. Mr. Kean left town to fulfil an engagement in Scotland of six nights for six hundred pounds, and has since appeared as Shylock, the character in which he first stepped from the Exeter to the London boards, and which first raised him to that pinnacle on which he so pre-eminently stands. R.

### COVENT-GARDEN.

Italian Lover.—This respectable tragedy of Mr. Jephson's, has been revived for the display of Mr. Macready's genius in Maltevolo, the Italian Lover. It is not a play which arrests the attention in any extraordinary degree, though Maltevolo, in many parts, discovers great strength, both in character and expression, which was much heightened by Mr. Macready's nervous delineation. The freezing horror with which he pronounced the desperation of his love, thrilled the very hearts of his auditors, and drew down repeated acclamations. The character throughout was admirably pourtrayed, and we certainly consider Mr. Macready as a most finished and classic actor.

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The Broken Sword.—The idea of this melo-drame is tolerable, but so badly told, that any thing like a connected plot is scarcely discernible. The author has attempted something, and made worse than nothing. The only part worth retaining is produced by the ballet master, a most charming waltz, in an entirely new style, by the Miss Dennets. In this there were none of those indelicacies with which this species of dancing, in general, too much abounds We wish our waltzers would see and imitate this. The Broken Sword is of no more use than any other broken sword; it is past mending, and, consequently, only fit to be thrown among the rubbish.

Love in a Village.—This is a pretty opera, and we are always pleased to see it. Miss Mori, the new candidate

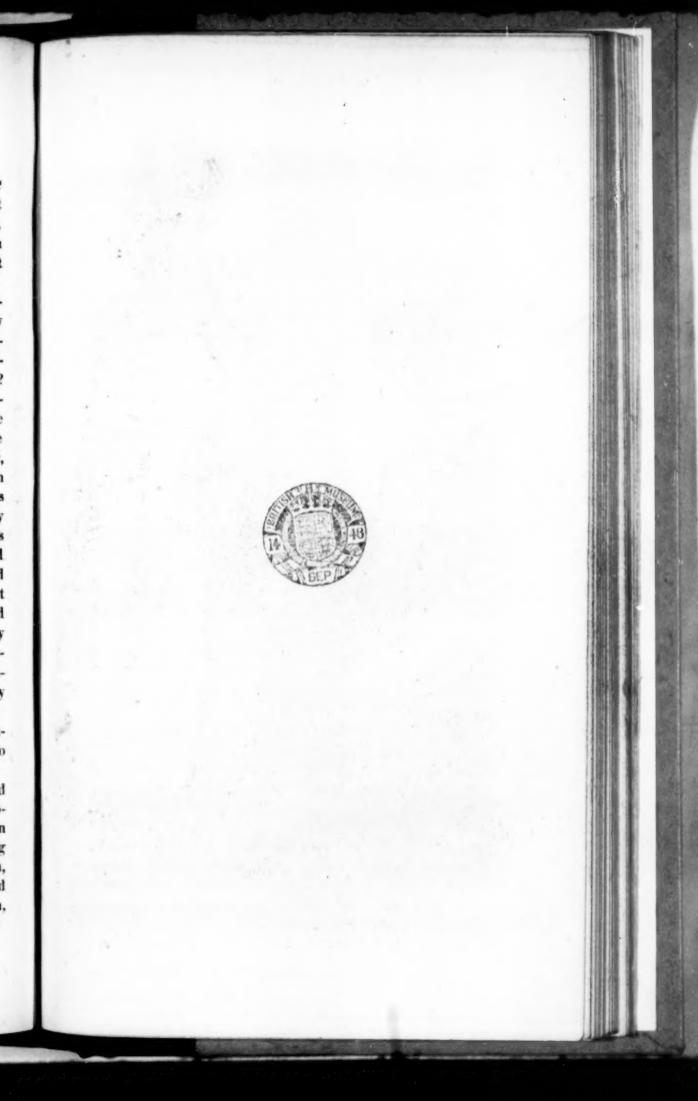
for public favour, is a singer of no ordinary abilities; but we would much rather have seen Miss Stephens in the part, whom Miss Morri, though possessed of many claims, can never supplant. Miss Mori sustained Rosetta with great and deserved applause.

Othello.-Of all the plays of the immortal bard, this, perhaps, draws forth the emotions of the heart more than any other, for the sufferings of the noble Moor, and his unfortunate Desdemona. Who can think upon the hellish subtleties of the fiend Iago without sympathising for his prey? Who can witness its delineation without shedding that heavenly dew, the tear of pity! It is a tragedy complete; we know no fault; and, consequently, witness its performance with the greatest pleasure. Mr. Macready and Mr. Young, to equally display their powers, have each appeared in Othello and Iago. Of their performance of Othello, it is difficult to decide which claimed the pre-eminence, they each contained both beauties and faults. Mr. Macready's agitation between suspicion and fear was admirable; and his performance, had there not been competition, would have been decisive. We now come to "honest, honest Iago!" Mr. Bengough thought he could play it, but found he was mistaken; neither is Mr. Young or Mr. Macready the Iago of our mind: they paint him too black in appearance. His villany is hid, except in bye play, and he is rather free and jocular than otherwise. Mr. Kean is infinitely preferable to either.

Miss O'Neill has made her appearance in Romeo and Juliet; her undisputed merit in this character has been too much canvassed to need any further eulogium.

Lodoiska.—When Mr. Kemble wrote this piece, he could scarce suspect it would become a future vehicle for the introduction of brute performers; and from its present reception he must derive infinite pleasure. The equestrian troop being received throughout with the most clamorous disapprobation, whilst the piece received merited applause. It is produced in the grandest style, and if the horses were withdrawn, it would no doubt become a favourite.

R.





Evening & Riding Costume for November 18

Bh Nov. 2 st 2866 by Dean & Munday. 35. Threadneedle Screet.

#### THE

# MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR NOVEMBER, 1816.

#### FULL DRESS

FOR THE OPERA, THEATRE, OR EVENING-PARTY.

Invented by Mrs. Bell, of No. 26, Charlotte Street, Bedford Square.

THE dresses we have the honour of presenting to our subscribers, are from the fertile imagination of Mrs. Bell, who has acquired considerable fame for the novelties and improvement she has given to female costume; and we are happy to state, that we have been promised a regular continuation of fac-similes of original dresses, as invented by this lady, every month.

The full dress is made of a most beautiful gauze, of a light and happy effect, and of English manufacture. The trimming at the bottom is singularly elegant and novel, composed of a rich satin and blond-lace trimming.

The body, as the print represents, is tasty and pretty, which is likewise ornamented with satin and blond-lace. The cap is Austrian, composed of satin and blond, ornamented with fox-tail feathers, either white, or tipped with blue, and when worn by an attractive lady, has a most beautiful effect. White kid gloves and shoes. Necklace of torquois and pearls.

### AUTUMNAL WALKING OR RIDING DRESS,

Of thick jacconot muslin, trimmed with a deep worked flounce, and ruffed round the throat. The autumnal walking pelisse, generally admired by ladies of real taste, is made of a fine lemon-colour cloth, with three full capes,

VOL. IV .- S. I.

and high collar, lined with silk of the same colour; and is altogether a very great novelty. The head-dress is an Austrian toque, composed of moss silk, or satin, and ornamented with a plume of black feathers. Boots and gloves to correspond with the coat.

### COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

THE prevailing half-dress is a richly embroidered muslin gown, trimmed with Vandyke ornaments at the bottom, and at the wrists of the sleeves. The full dress is made of muslin, edged with a rich lace trimming, in the form of palm-leaves. Light-coloured silk gowns, bordered with white riband, are the mode for evening parties.

The head-dress is a cornette of tulle, with a bouquet of flowers on one side. The hair, in bands, is turned round the head, and the ends fastened by a comb, or bodkin.

The unusual dampness and coldness of the weather has compelled the use of pelisses, carricks, and swansdown tippets; but when the weather is fine, a muslin pelerine is worn.

There is the same variety in the quality, colour, and shape, of hats; some have large brims, others small; concealing or exposing the face almost entirely; with very high crowns, square, or peaked at the top. Straw and chip hats are lined with pink or pale blue; a bunch of red roses is the chief ornament with a pink lining; and a wreath of blue-bells, encircling the crown, with a blue lining. This description will serve to shew their general shape and style; but the variety worn is infinite.

### THE

# APOLLONIAN WREATH.

### ODE.

OH, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of Hate, and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World!

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,

The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led?
Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast;
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust!

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
From Indus, all round to the Pole,
And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,
Shall brighten the sins of the soul:

But thou art alone in thy shame,

The world cannot liken thee there;

Abhorrence and vice have disfigur'd thy name

Beyond the low reach of compare;

Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time

A proverb, a bye-word, for falsehood and crime!

While conquest illumin'd his sword,
While yet in his prowess he stood,
Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,
And welcom'd the torrent of blood;
Though tyranny sat on his crown,
And wither'd the nations afar,
Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's renown,
Till Fortune deserted his car;
Then, back from the chieftain thou slunkest away—
The foremost to insult, the first to betray!

Forgot were the feats he had done,

The toils he had borne in thy cause;

Thon turned'st to worship a new rising sun,

And waft other songs of applause;

But the storm was beginning to lour,

Adversity clouded the beam;

And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,

And loyalty's self but a dream:—

To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restor'd;

And the first that had scoff'd, were the first that ador'd!

What tumult thus burthens the air,
What throng that encircles his throne?
"Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear
His sceptre shall rule them alone.
Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
Misfortune shall hallow his name,
And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
How quenchless the spirit and flame
That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts are on fire
For the Hero they love, and the Chief they admire.

Their hero has rushed to the field;
His laurels are cover'd with shade—
But where is the spirit that never should yield,
The loyalty never to fade!
In a moment desertion and guile
Abandon'd him up to the foe;
The dastards that flourish'd and grew at his smile,
Forsook and renounc'd him in woe;
And the millions that swore they would perish to save,
Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave!

The Savage all wild in his glen
Is nobler and better than thou;
Thou standest a wonder—a marvel to men,
Such perfidy blackens thy brow!
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever;
I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever;
And thinking of thee in my long after-years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World.

OSCAR.

### SONG.

Tis not the form that moves with grace, And with each step attraction draws; That owns a softly blooming face, Or a bright eye that courts applause"Tis not the winning smiles that play
On lips, like blushing roses red,
Nor eyes that softly meet the day,
Nor clust'ring curls profusely spread—

Ah, no!—'tis not the braided hair,
The shapely neck, or well turn'd arm,
Nor outward beauties of the fair,
This stubborn heart alone shall warm.

For I have seen the tulip bloom,
And I have seen its charms decay,
But when it died—ah! no perfume
Breath'd from the soil where low it lay.

And thus, said I, the fairest flow'r,
Without an animated mind,
Fades, droops, and withers in an hour,
And leaves no grateful sweets behind.

But I have seen the matchless rose,
Blushing with native odour, rise
Superior to each bud that blows,
And feast the gazer's longing eyes.

Snapt by the rude wind, soon it shed Its honours on the damp parterre; But when its brilliant bloom was fled, It left the richest fragrance there.

O'er the pale leaves the Zephyr hung, And fann'd them with his gentle wing, And round the widow'd garden flung Their perfume, sweeter than the spring.

And is not Marianne the rose?

Her native beauty is its bloom;

And when no more that lustre glows,

Her mind will be the rich perfume.

When wit like her's, and youth conspire,
And beauty lends its pleasing form,
Cold is the heart that don't admire,
And dull the sense it cannot warm.

Oh! I have felt her winning smile,
Her innate worth, and virtue dear,
Her languid look, that could beguile,
And the bright, silent, trembling tear.

But, if I thought 'twould give her pain,
To own the fervour of my love,
Each rising thought I would restrain,
And ev'ry heaving sigh reprove;

And I would chide this flutt'ring heart, Yet why?—for beating thus—so true! Ah!—no—I'd rather own the smart, And cease her lovely form to view:

Soon would the last sad pulse declare, It lov'd for her, and her alone; Yet should one sigh (though spent in air) For all her disregard atone.

LORENZO.

# STANZAS.

"Oh! could I feel as I have felt—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many many a vanish'd scene;
As springs, in deserts found, seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me."

LORD BYRON.

Aye!—but those hours of dear delight

No time shall again restore;

They have fled, like the dreams of a happy night,

To visit the soul no more!

As the world expanded on the view, As life advanc'd, and reason grew, Like morning dew-drops on a summer-spray, The tears of feeling dried away!

The warm emotions of early youth,
With early youth expire,
The stern convictions of sober truth
Soon quench that brilliant fire;
Pure and ethereal is the blaze,
But it weakens in the lapse of days,
And year on year but chills the sacred glo
Like falling flakes of winter snow.

There was an age when the winged soul
Like a meteor-spark was driven,
When it stoop'd to every soft controul,
And burnt with the light of heaven;
When the native splendour of its beam
Flung far and wide such holy gleam,
That e'en the paths of error falsely shone
With a glorious lustre not their own.

The pulses throbb'd responsive then
To all that is bright and fair,
And whate'er seem'd good or great in men
The bosom sigh'd to share;
O'er all our joys a blissful smile,
Radiant as noonday, blush'd the while,
And in our very tears there seem'd to be
A something, more than luxury!

And oh! if beauty chanc'd to move
The spirit's wild emotion,
It was not friendship, was not love—
'Twas rapture and devotion!—
But the fading fervour died away,
Like twinkling star at dawn of day;
'Twas but the vision of romantic joy
That only soothes the pensive boy.

In stubborn manhood's riper years

We quit the fairy scene,

We cannot shed our former tears,

Nor be what we have been;

Those tend'rer feelings soon depart
In strange succession from the heart,

Dropping from all, as they have dropt from thee,

Like the faded leaves of a willow-tree.

And thus, as envious time goes past,
We look with a colder eye,
And the frequent changes of life at last
Scarce prompt an anxious sigh:
So freeze in winter's sullen gale
The limpid waters of the vale;
Still, as in vernal heavens, the sun may glow,
But the sparkling stream has ceas'd to flow!

Yet oft in the lone and dreary hour
Of solitude and pain,
The soul, reclin'd in memory's bow'r,
Would dream its youth again;
And it may be, she sleeps perchance
For a moment in her school-boy trance,
And conjures up the visionary shade
Of parted pleasures long decay'd—

Perhaps the mind may thus recall
The mood it once could wear,
And sweet rememb'rances that fall
Like moonlight shadows there—
So when the summer sun hath set,
Reflected sunshine lingers yet,
And mimic colours, as of orient light,
Hang on the cloudy skirts of night.

A bright deceit hath shed,
And o'er ideal phantoms thrown
A semblance of the dead:

The feelings that were our's at first
We feel again—but not as erst
When youth and innocence were on the brow—
'Twas nature then—'tis fancy now!

### JULIA'S TOMB.

TUNE-" Mary's Dream."

My Julia sleeps—the sleep of death!

Oh! when shall sleep the gushing tear,
The sigh that trembles on my breath,
And all the pangs that waken here!

Not till I, sweet! like thee, am blest,
Can e'er my heart its throbbings cease;
Not till thy image shines confest
In heav'n—where all is joy and peace!

Not till I slumber in the tomb

With thee!—my best and last recess—
Where o'er our heads the flow'rs shall bloom,
And kiss in love, and twine in bliss!
Yes, Julia! we must meet above,
Where I shall know that angel-form,
That thou and I may taste that love
Which earth denied to hearts so warm!

Thrice hallow'd tomb!—when we again
With outstretch'd arms shall clasp entwin'd—
Where love is free from care and pain,
And pure as thy seraphic mind!
Oh! sacred thought—there shall I see
The spotless worth my tears deplore—
And there will Julia smile on me,
And we shall meet, to part no more! HATT.

### SONG .- HOPE'S DREAM.

LIGHT danc'd the breeze on pleasure's stream
To Fancy's eye, when Hope was young;
And Joy reflected back the gleam
That pleasing Expectation flung.
But ah! too soon dissolv'd the dream—
And as the meteor melts in air,
The radiance of its parting beam,
Deepens the gloom of dumb despair.

Past joys! farewell! in mem'ry's page
The tear-drop glistens on your grave;
And o'er you green, in hoary age,
The cypress of the soul shall wave.
For Grief will still its warfare wage,
Though seasons bloom—though years decay—
That night alone will calm its rage,
That closes life's eventful day.

J. M. B.

### SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO THE SEA-GULL, BY A CAPTIVE CONFINED IN A

DUNGEON ON THE SEA-SHORE, IN A WILD

AND DESOLATE SITUATION.

# By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

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HARSH-screaming bird! thou visitest this shore,
Remote from pleasant scenes, and far remov'd
From all the poor imprison'd captive lov'd,
And seem'st his lot of mis'ry to deplore:
Thy piercing cry, mingling with ocean's roar,
Strikes my sad ear and bids my bosom sigh,
For thou, wild bird! oh! thou'rt at liberty!
A state, perchance, I ne'er may taste of more!

Oh! how I envy thee that one blest charm;
Thou'rt free to dip thy wing in ev'ry wave;
Thy rocky nest can shield thee from alarm;
Thou'rt no man's captive!—no man's abject slave!
Whilst I between my bars thy flights can see,
Doom'd never more to taste of liberty!

### STANZAS.

And though distant far o'er the wild waters driven,
We wander, and viewless each spirit may glide,
Yet those strains, mild in fancy as vespers of heaven,
Shall whisper the rude waves to rest at my side.
Then still as thine harp's sweetly fanciful numbers
Waft their music ethereal o'er life's chequer'd sea,
Shall that sound ever soothing in sorrow's young slumbers,
In shade and in sunshine be sweetest to me.

A.

### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We feel much regret for the departure of R.; he has our thanks.

"Lines suggested whilst reflecting on the Mausoleum of Burns" were the production of Mr. Hatt.

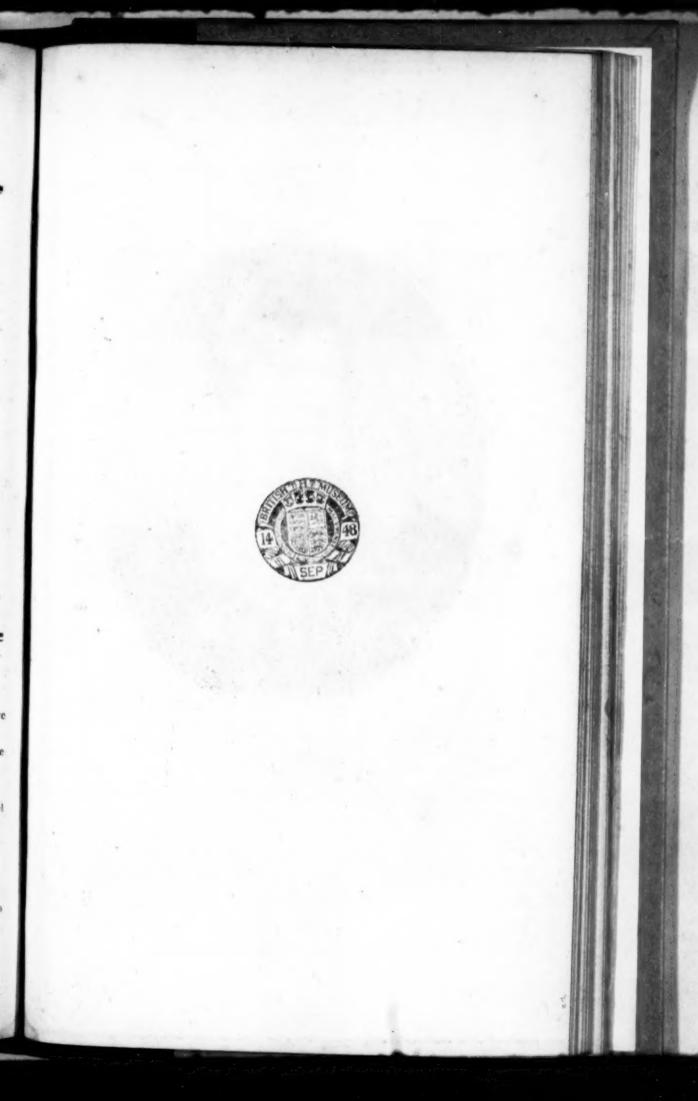
Stanzas by L. H. C.; A Death-bed Scene; a letter from Felix; and the Seven Lovers, are received, and under consideration.

" Marriage" shall have a place in our next.

Lines by J. G. O. are too personal. No lady of delicacy would feel obliged by their publication.

### ERRATUM.

In the verses inserted last month, entitled "Stanzas," the line "When all the earth is past," read "When all of earth is past,"





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Vis Jur had

The R. Hon. Lady Elizabeth Whithread

Pob. Dec. 2. 1826. by Dean & Munday 35. Threadneedle Street.